Familiar scent

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Familiar scent

by Seth_Figment

Summary

Hannibal can't stop thinking about his encounter with the wendigo. He tries to go for a hunt to get his mind off him.

[This is a sequel to "An encounter".]

Notes

"When the beast finally arrives at the source of the delicious scent it is meet by a statue. Carefully walking up to it, the beast stops in front of it, curious. Suddenly the statues eyes move, reveling pools of dark blood. Mouth moving the statue makes a noise. "Hello, Will..."

Thoughts are in italics.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Looking over their shoulder the human tries to catch a glimpse of their tormentor only to fall when their foot catches on a tree root.

Ankle twisting they give a cry of pain.

In desperation they start to crawl. With tears distorting their vision they don't notice the dress shoes until they bump into the legs.

Screaming they reel back, begging. "Please, don't. Please. I don't-"

Sneering the vampire swiftly moves forward, bypassing the humans throat he rips into the torso. Systematically he tears at the human's flesh, expertly keeping them alive.

Screams slowly fading the human eventually succumbs to their injuries. Growling the vampire keeps tearing at the body. Blood splattering him.

Finally stilling he takes a deep breath. He had hoped a chase would take his mind off the vexing feelings clawing at him.

He hadn't been able to rid himself of them since he meet that wendigo. *Will*. The thought of the wendigo causes the unwanted feelings to flare up anew.

Standing Hannibal stares down at the mangled body, ribs cracked open, flesh in ribbons.

He remembers clearly how Will had stared at the body like a starving man. Black veins spreading over his skin and eyes going silver white like the moon, only for him to close them shaking his head.

Closing his own eyes, Hannibal recall how the black veins retreated and when Will next opened his eyes they were a stormy gray. For a brief moment their eyes had locked before Will again shook his head saying *"Thanks for the offer, but I'm fine."*. Turning he had walked away without a second glance.

He had been starving, Hannibal could tell. Yet he had declined his offer of food. It was... interesting.

Releasing a deep breath he finally opens his eyes, startling when he meet silver white ones.

Not breaking eye contact Hannibal remains still, scenting the air. Recognizing the scent he smiles. “Hello, Will.”

At the sound of the name the wendigo merely tilts its head, eyes remaining empty, lacking all recognition.

Letting his eyes roam over the beast Hannibal notes that Will have fully transformed. Not a trace of the man left, physically and seemingly mentally.

Looking back up from the protruding rib cage Hannibal gently smiles in a parody of pity. Raising a blood soaked hand he pets Will's cheek. “You're absolutely starving.”

Stroking his thumb over cracked lips Hannibal paints them dark with blood. “Did you scent the blood?”

Instead of answering the wendigo licks off the blood stepping closer. Leaning in Will snuffles at Hannibal's cheek, licking at the blood there.

Before Will can decide if he is food or not Hannibal swiftly moves back.

Not seeming faced in the least Will simply directs his attention to the mangled corpse. Crouching down he starts to eat.

With a feeling of satisfaction, Hannibal smiles watching the wendigo eat.

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Faster than Hannibal would have thought possible, Will finishes his meal.

Straightening up the wendigo doesn't spare him a second glance before it starts to walk away.

Not wanting to lose Will, Hannibal quickly follows him.

After walking for the better part of two hour they finally arrive at a field with a house in the middle of it.

Staying in the tree line Hannibal watches as Will walks up to the house. Minding his antlers he carefully steps in through the door.

“So this is where you live.” With a smile at the new found knowledge Hannibal turns running back into the forest.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will's pov.
Some indeterminate amount of time later

In his sleep Will's head turns fitfully. Suddenly stilling his eyes shot open. Frantically he sits up, looking around himself for the source of the blood scent.

But when he stares down at himself there's not a trace of blood, only stains from his sweat.

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Will forces himself to calm down. Getting up from his bed he looks around around the room, but there's not a trace of blood anywhere.

Not feeling relief in the slightest Will turns, leaving his bedroom.

While walking down the stairs he carefully inspects every surface for blood.

Unsettled at finding none Will decides to follow his nose.

Heading towards the front door he pauses for a brief moment. While resting his hand on the handle Will closes his eyes and takes a deep breath through his nose. Immediately the copper tang of fresh blood fills his lungs.

Keeping his eyes shut he quickly opens the door. Finally releasing the breath he was holding Will almost chokes on the overwhelming scent that hits him.

Opening his eyes he is meet with the grotesque display of two skinned humans fashioned into the shape of a human heart.

End Notes

My first drabble "An encounter" was suppose to be a one shot, but I couldn't leave it alone and wrote this not even 20 minutes after.

Same thing stands though.
If you like the plot or anything about the fic you can take and use it basically as a prompt for a fic of your own. I really don't mind.

This was based on my preternatural drabble "*A synopsis of the mutualistic relationship between vampires and wendigos*".

If you've gotten this far why not drop a kudos? Pretty please. Throw a writer some motivation. :3 ❤

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!